

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills. Longfellow.

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Physician, Surgeon  
Marlinton, W. Va.  
All calls promptly answered.

**DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,**  
Dentist  
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at  
least twice a year. The exact date  
of his visit will appear in this  
paper.

**DR. M. STOUT,**  
DENTIST.

Has located and is ready for  
business in the Bank of Marlinton  
building, Marlinton, W. Va.  
**DR. ERNEST B. HILL,**  
DENTIST,  
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branches. My work is strictly  
first-class and guaranteed. Terms  
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From the first to the fifteenth  
of each month at Marlinton; Fifteen  
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## THE HISTORIC DROOP.

While crossing o'er Droop Moun-  
tain  
A week ago today,  
I thought about the battle  
Where dead and dying lay.

My father here was wounded,  
Upon this mountain top,  
Which made these thoughts more  
real,  
Although I did not stop.

My father, he was standing  
On picket, so he says;  
He saw the moving columns  
A-coming up the rise.

He stood just like a statue  
Until they came quite near;  
He fired right among them,  
And then fell back in rear.

And in that raging battle  
Was wounded there that day;  
The first man then to meet him  
Was Captain Joseph Gay.

My father said to Joseph,  
I'm wounded, Captain Gay,  
Then fall back in the rear, again,  
Was all he had to say.

The Southern band it played  
Old Dixie look away,  
To give the soldiers courage  
And fit them for the fray.

The Union band it also played  
To make their soldiers sandy,  
The music, it was splendid,  
Twas Yankee Doodle Dandy.

I saw one of the wonders  
Of Poca's wide domain:  
A stream runs through Droop  
Mountain  
And gusheth forth again.

It's Hills Creek near the heading  
And on the other side;  
Yes, Locust Creek they call it,  
This cannot be denied.

This stream is quite amazing,  
It runs two miles I hear  
Right underneath Droop mountain  
To then again appear.

It's Hills creek where it enters  
The space that's under ground  
Is nameless and unknown  
Till Locust creek is found.

## UP TO NEW YORK AND BACK.

When I emerged from the station  
of the Pennsylvania Railroad  
at 23rd Street, New York City, I  
presented the picture of a country-  
man with untrimmed whiskers,  
carrying a carpetbag. I was im-  
mediately surrounded by a bunch  
of ferocious cabmen who herded  
me in a corner just as a lot of  
cow boys would a strange steer.  
They demanded my destination  
and with my back to a wall and  
in imminent danger of being torn  
to pieces told them that I was go-  
ing to the Kensington Hotel. It  
was near midnight.

"Here's the Kensington hotel  
cab," said one of the bandits and  
two of his sympathisers grabbed  
me and tried to throw me into the  
hansom cab indicated. When I  
became confused in the city or in  
the woods I try to act with delib-  
eration. I looked the cab over  
and said "Did you say that this  
cab belonged to the hotel, or that  
the hotel belonged to the cab?"  
They cast looks of reproach upon  
me and let me loose. I took my  
foot in my hand and walked  
around to the hotel where they  
seems to be glad to see me.

This hotel is situated on a quiet  
corner on Fifth Avenue in that  
region of No Man's Land where the  
busy tough down town is beginning  
to merge into the aristocratic up-  
town. It is one square from  
Broadway where the rush of the  
traffic sweeps around Dead Man's  
Curve. This is a dangerous ford  
and a big policeman stands in the  
center of the street controlling the  
current with a wave of his hand.  
The sounds from this street  
reached me in the room of my ho-  
tel and it sounded wonderfully  
like the steady roar of a mountain  
stream such as I have often slept  
beside in the woods.  
It is difficult to cross some of

the streets of New York especially  
Broadway. The only way it  
seems to cross at these difficult  
places is to make a charge at the  
rear end of the street car and miss-  
ing it shoot across the other track.  
If you are lucky you get across.  
I had only one narrow escape and  
that was from one of those awful  
automobiles. It slipped up on me  
unexpectedly. It was as swift  
as a swallow and as heavy as a  
traction engine. Being in a street  
where there were but few vehicles  
and no street cars I had relaxed  
my vigilance for a moment and it  
was on me. I got out of the way  
with a fraction of a inch to spare  
and the automobile slowed up and  
the socialist who was running it  
and his intended victim indulged  
in some language.

All other cities are like villages  
compared to New York. The reason  
of this is not that New York  
is so much larger but because  
the typography of the country.  
The land on which the business  
part is built runs to a point be-  
tween the Hudson and East Riv-  
ers as the arms of the sea are  
called and the business portion of  
the city is on this point of land.  
The city has consequently grown  
towards the direction of the  
least resistance which is towards  
the sky. The number of people  
who inhabit these tall buildings  
during the day time is so great  
that on the ground there is stand-  
ing room only. The passing to  
and fro during business hours  
through the streets. The city is  
confronted with the gravest trans-  
portation problem ever presented  
to a municipality. There is not  
room enough on the streets  
leading into the city to take the  
people to and from their work  
mornings and evenings. They  
use the surface for street cars, a  
treble work for the elevated rail-  
roads, and are now building an  
immense sub way or tunnel. It  
is thought that the three tiers of  
transportation will haul the people  
for a time.

I went to Central Park to see  
the animals. Central Park is a  
big lot of good farming land left  
in the central part of the city. It  
is about a half a mile broad and  
seems to be miles in length. It is  
surrounded by solid blocks of  
buildings, but something has said  
thus far shall the buildings come  
and no farther, and there has  
been left a beautiful stretch of  
country in the heart of a great city.  
There are several large bodies of  
water in the park which afford  
good skating and increase the  
pleasure of the Park policemen.

On a little hill in the park  
stands the obelisk which the Khe-  
dive of Egypt presented to the  
United States. It is a block of  
stone seventy-five feet high cut  
out of solid rock. I could not  
read the writing on it.

What I wanted to see more  
than anything else was the world  
famed bi-horned nasicorn as the  
circus posters have it, more com-  
monly known as the rhinoceros,  
and the hippotami. I was in a  
measure disappointed in both in-  
stances. The three hippotami  
were in their tanks of foul water  
with their eyes above water. I got  
a look at their ugly faces and that  
was all, equivalent to going to  
see a locomotive and seeing only  
the smokestack. I asked the  
keeper when they would conde-  
scend to come out and be viewed,  
he said that they were liable to  
come out at any time, but that  
if I would come back at 3:30 p.  
m. it would be shore thing then.  
The nashorn was lying down bur-  
rowed in loose straw so that only  
his tail and horns and some of his  
glistering hide could be seen.  
From appearances this animal is  
made of real leather. There was  
a fine specimen of the Bactrian  
camel in the next cell. I saw  
none of the bacteria but they were  
there no doubt. I also saw an ele-  
phant eating hay. He worked  
with all the regularity of machin-  
ery. There were plenty of other  
animals but as one who has seen  
a half a dozen of the best collec-  
tion of wild animals in this coun-  
try, I am impressed with the fact  
that all these animals look like

their pictures, and therefore you  
do not wonder so much.

The museum of natural history is  
an immense building with exhibits  
such as the Smithsonian Institute  
has but there are many things  
there not to be found at Washing-  
ton. One of the things that gave  
me an agreeable dream a few  
nights after was the skeleton of a  
mighty Indian chief found in Ken-  
ucky. This skeleton was un-  
covered and then transported to  
New York just as it was found.  
There are many Peruvian mum-  
mies there in all their horrible-  
ness. The rest of these poor bod-  
ies has been disturbed to satisfy  
the curiosity of the sight seer.  
There are many cases containing  
the stuffed bodies of animals in  
their native haunts which proba-  
bly represent the acme of the  
of the taxidermist.

The museum of art contains  
many pictures and much sculpture  
and other examples of the finest  
art. In these buildings one might  
spend months without having ex-  
hausted the powers of the collec-  
tion to please. In a visit of an  
hour or two one sees enough to  
make the brain reel.

One is never so lonely as when  
in a great city. The theater is the  
thing that drives away the tired  
feeling. I went into Keith's  
where the things you hear are  
light as air and amuse while they  
are presented but you can never  
remember what is said that caused  
the house to roar with laughter.  
And if you did remember and  
would repeat the joke it would  
fall flat. The only thing I re-  
member was one jest of an actor  
who looked as if he had reached  
the mature age of seven years.  
He was evidently a child wonder.  
He said he knew a man that got  
married about a year ago and now  
his wife had the dearest cutest  
conspicuous little olive you  
ever saw. The audience dwelling  
on his words expected to hear  
about something else and were  
pretty well sold.

One night I went to hear E. H.  
Southern in Hamlet. Here the  
crowd as observed by me made  
up in quality what it lacked  
in quantity. I was beginning to  
think that New York was filled  
with masses of people but here  
seemed to be people of sense.  
Southern was Hamlet and killed  
four of his friends and drove one  
woman to commit suicide. When  
the ghost came out he seemed to  
be a big man and particularly  
solid as he stalked about on the  
stage. A lady in the audience  
said, "That seems to be a very  
substantial ghost." The gentle-  
man sitting beside her replied,  
"Yes, a shade too substantial."

The next night I went to see  
Richard Mansfield in Julius Ce-  
sar. It seemed to be political  
play. Caesar was as autocratic as  
the President of a County Court.  
A lot of the leading politicians in  
the county decided that they  
would stick a knife into him. A  
man by the name of Cassius was  
the bitterest and he worked up a  
gentleman of leisure named Brutus  
and got him in politics. After  
getting in Brutus took it as seri-  
ously as Alex. McVeigh Miller  
does. Cassius finally stabbed  
Caesar with a butcher knife and  
Brutus with a pocket knife. Then  
Marcus Antony made a speech.  
During the course of his remarks  
he said that the evil which men do  
lives after them and that the good  
is too often inter-r-r-r-r-ed with  
their bones, and that this might  
even be true of a great man as  
Caesar. Things kept going from  
bad to worse with Brutus, he be-  
ing out of his natural element  
like Hon. Alexander McVeigh  
Miller, until he got a good sized  
carving knife and feeling for the  
right spot for a spell stabbed him-  
self.

One play I liked was The Cav-  
alier in which Julia Marlow played.  
It was a play of the South and the  
scenes were laid during the Civil  
War. Every now and then they  
would sing "Lorena" a song  
which every courtier man in Po-  
cahontas County is no doubt fa-  
miliar with for the past few gener-  
ations. They started to rehearse

the marriage service in one part of  
the play where Charlotte Durand  
was to marry Frank Oliver. The  
cousin could not find in the prayer  
book and another cousin took the  
book away saying, "It's not in the  
Psalm's and Song's." Then the  
bride said, "No, look in Lamen-  
tations." But a voice in the au-  
dience said, "No, in Revelations."

Mr. Zion's Home.  
Well Mr. Editor, we are still  
living, if you have not heard  
from us for a while.

Rev. McNeil preached at Beth-  
el Sunday and Sunday night.  
Roy and Hattie Lambriek who  
have been attending school here  
have returned to their home at  
Collins.

Dr. Dave Moore has been visit-  
ing his son-in-law, Mr. Jno.  
Grimes.

We are sorry to say that Mr.  
Jno. Shrader, had the misfortune  
of losing a fine horse.

The music concert by Mr. A.  
L. Dilly was all O. K. if the  
weather was cold.

Miss Florence Carpenter is at  
Mr. W. H. Dilleys.

Little Pearly Carpenter, one  
of Mt. Zion's faithful scholars at  
school, won the prize for her good  
attendance at school.

Miss Mattie Moore is at her  
brother's Geo. E. Moore's, we  
miss her.

Our school taught by Miss J.  
Ann Smith, closed last Friday  
with much success, and she will  
begin her second school in the  
Green Bank district next week.

W. H. Dilly moved his cattle  
from Elk to his farm at Dilleys  
Mill last week.

Mr. G. S. Weiford's school at  
Salphur Spring, is progressing  
nicely. X. X.

**Resolutions.**  
Passed by committee appoint-  
ed by Ladies Aid Society of Lib-  
erty Church W. Va. at its regular  
meeting Jan. 1903

Whereas God in His providence  
has called from her labors in our  
midst to a higher service our  
friend and co-worker Mrs. Eliza-  
beth Dysard wherefore be it

Resolved that we bow in hum-  
ble submission to our Heavenly  
Father's will, believing that He  
doeth all things well.

That in the death of Mrs. Dysard  
the community has lost a friend  
and our society, an earnest faith-  
ful member, ever manifesting an  
active zeal in our work, and ready  
to aid us with her means, her  
counsel and her presence.

That we who are still permitted  
to continue our labors for our  
Lord here below, emulate her  
example of loyalty to her Master  
and faithful discharge of duty.

That we tender to her bereaved  
family and friends our heart-felt  
sympathy, and commend them to  
her God.

That these resolutions be writ-  
ten in the minutes of our society  
that a copy be sent to her fam-  
ily, and that a copy be sent for  
publication to The Central Presby-  
terian, and to The Pocahontas  
Times.

Mrs. S. B. Hannah.  
Mrs. G. N. Cowger.  
Mary Brown.  
Flora Mooman.

Committee  
**Browns Mountain.**

Mr. Editor we are glad to come  
out with a few items for your  
valuable paper, which we hope  
will be acceptable.

We are having some bad weath-  
er at present.

The hop steps and jumps this  
Christmas was like hen teeth,  
very scarce.

The chicken pox seems to be  
the order of the day, Mr. G. W.  
Ginger's youngest child has been  
very sick for some time, but is  
improving slowly.

We had a good meeting on  
Browns Creek.

Miss Minnie McCarty of Hun-  
tersville is visiting friends and re-  
latives in The Hills.

The unexpected death of Mrs.  
Roxrode, was very sad indeed,  
leaving many friends to mourn  
her loss.

Rosie Lee.

## JANET WARD

A Review of Mrs Margaret E. Sang-  
ster's Latest Book.

A Character Sketch of the Talented  
Author, Mrs Sangster, "the World's  
Home Friend"

One of the incidents of recent  
date that makes the last holidays  
so pleasant to remember as long  
as I may live was the reading of  
"Janet Ward," Mrs Sangster's  
newest book. This lady has the  
distinction richly merited of be-  
ing known throughout the Eng-  
lish reading world as "The  
World's Household Friend," and  
may be soon be greeted as the  
"World's Home Friend."

One of the most distinguished  
of living American writers speaks  
in this way about the book: "A  
really meritorious book for girls  
is since Miss Alcott laid down her  
pen, so unusual, but here is one  
which meets well the need. The  
combination of absorbing story  
and high moral tone commend it  
to girls and those, their literature,  
and it is a book full of interest  
for the public as well. One does  
not wish to lay it aside until it is  
finished and then one feels better  
for having read it."—Mary E.  
Wilkins.

Time and Space are not availa-  
ble in a journal like the Times to  
give a due meed of justice to the  
merits of Mrs Sangster as a writer.  
Mrs Sangster consecrated the  
first fruits of her pen to the spe-  
cial service of Christ her Redeem-  
er. By her contributions to the  
religious journals she gained a  
popularity that has put her in the  
foremost class of admired writers.  
Her influence became extended  
by the wide popularity she attain-  
ed as editor of the Harper's Ba-  
zaar, and then her relations to the  
Christian Herald and through her  
correspondence published and  
personal in connection with her  
special departments in the Christ-  
ian Herald and Ladies' Home  
Journal her reputation is preemi-  
nent as a counsellor of girls and  
young women, and while one  
might well wish and pray that  
there might be many writers who  
may justly compare with Mrs  
Sangster, yet the truth remains  
there are none superior to her in  
the hold she has on those who  
trust her for guidance in all man-  
ner of perplexity as well as for  
practical information of many  
kinds.

While by common consent it  
seems agreed to impute Mrs Sang-  
ster's success to her "sanctified  
common-sense, her fine discern-  
ment, balance, geniality, and  
energy in the pursuit of her de-  
sire to aid, uplift and inspire oth-  
ers to high, ideal and noble ac-  
tion, nevertheless the writer of  
this notice is impressed with the  
opinion that there is an element  
in her mental character that seems  
to be overlooked, to some degree  
or at least not specially numerated,  
as a characteristic trait.

For years it has been the writ-  
er's privilege to read Mrs Sang-  
ster's writings and study her char-  
acter, for all which he thanks the  
good providence of our Heavenly  
Father, for special opportunities  
so to do.

The true potentiality of Mrs.  
Sangster's character, accounting  
for her marvelous success, in the  
judgment of the writer of this no-  
tice, lies in a merging of traits or  
endowments that border on the  
phenomenal in an environment  
like hers has been. Here is a  
character in which unswerving  
strength of intellect clear as noon-  
tide light in its perceptions of the  
true and the beautiful, permeated  
with the enlightening influences of  
the Divine wisdom or Holy Spirit  
a sublime and pure moral will, in  
a metaphorical sense bomb proof  
against all the traits that our frail  
humanity is heir to. Now this  
intellect and this will are both in  
harmonious subordination to the  
all pervasive principle of the Love  
exemplified in that matchless 13th  
chapter of Corinthians, that tells  
of the "greatest thing in the

world' in reach of human charac-  
ter and without which all other  
gifts and graces are mere sound  
and nothing more.

So after ample facilities and due  
reflections, the writer rests in the  
opinion that in Mrs Sangster's  
character is found an unique triple  
alliance which may be prognostic  
of a purer and better era, very  
near, like the sun-beamed spire,  
shows the rising sun is just at  
hand.

In this alliance Love stands  
pre-eminent, over moral and in-  
tellectual power, while intellect fits  
in this triple merger, though  
strong in its own character is cheer-  
fully obedient to both. It is here  
the writer thinks the discerning  
reader will find the special one of  
the main reasons of Mrs. Sang-  
ster's character suggests one of  
Ralph Waldo Emerson's very re-  
markable sayings wherein he ex-  
presses this thought, "When the  
Master of the universe has points  
to carry in his government, He  
expresses his will in the structure  
of minds."

What a happy point would be  
carried were our American girls  
inferior to none and superior to  
most now in the visible universe  
to enter upon their lives with "Ja-  
net Ward" as their ideal of what  
the "best girl" should be.

W. T. P.

## B. and O. Camp.

Well Christmas is over, and all  
the men are back, some with  
black eyes and flat pocketbooks  
and some have money and are  
happy.

It is very cold at this writing,  
snow about twenty inches deep  
and the mercury ten below zero.

Sliding logs is the order of the  
day.

Pat Johnson had the misfortune  
to lose a fine horse.

John Edminson, and Dad Rank-  
in is off to Greenbrier County to  
buy beans for the Company.

Dr. James is off to Clarkburg  
on business.

Kellison and Marse our po-  
talmongers are back doing business,  
luck to them.

Charley Jackson, commonly  
known as Santy Claus is with us  
with his commences, he says he  
is going to the sunny south if the  
storm don't soon break.

Patty Miles is going to Light-  
ening County, state of Blazes,  
after cross eyed darning needles  
and a bale of sugar holes, for the  
Catchhim and Skinhim Company.

Martin Boblet, the man that  
rode the hog around the world, is  
with us now, he is our music  
teacher.

A. A. Rucker has the job of  
hauling supplies for the Company  
he has three teams sledging day  
and night.

Bill Collins of Seebert is mak-  
ing cross pulls and back cants for  
Jack Campbell in the landing.

Wallace Lange is going to Utah  
to visit relatives and friends, he  
says he is going to get married in  
pumpkin time if it don't frost.

I will close, wishing the Times  
and its readers success in the new  
year I remain as ever  
Old Uncle Lonis

## LINNWOOD

We have been having plenty of  
cold weather, but we will not com-  
plain as the winter is wearing  
away, and cattle and sheep are  
looking well.

Christmas passed off quietly.  
Only one dance and it was a fail-  
ure.

Robert and Lena Beverage, ac-  
companied by George Gay and  
sister Mary and Edna and broth-  
er Sam visited friends on Dry  
Branch during holidays.

A quiet wedding took place at  
George Beal's Saturday, when  
Lee Ware and Miss Shawer were  
united in matrimony by Rev In-  
gram. The groom is a native of  
Randolph County. The bride is  
a native of Webster. Both have  
been married before.

Mrs Jake Ware is quite ill.  
Clark Sharp and boys spent  
Holidays at home.

Henry Wagh bought 51 head  
of sheep the other day.

Miss Janey Steward is getting  
along nicely with her school.  
Sub:er:ber.

## Letter From Kentucky.

Dear Editor of the Times, when  
I left Marlinton I had my paper  
changed to Shelbyville Ky, but  
after twice trying I found it would  
not do, and we came from Shel-  
byville on to Louisville last Fri-  
day morning, where we have two  
rooms rented and are light house  
keeping, and I am at-  
tending the International School  
of Telegraphy. This school is man-  
aged by Prof. W. J. Boss, and  
is first class in every respect, and  
if there is any one back in Old  
Pocahontas thinking of attending  
a telegraph school, I kindly ask  
them to write me before they go  
elsewhere, or they might get their  
fingers burned as I did. Please  
change my paper from Shelby-  
ville to Louisville Ky, or can-  
send me last weeks paper too as  
we have not received any paper  
since we came. With best wish-  
es for the editor and force, and  
kindest regards to the readers of  
the Times. I am your friend;  
J. A. Moore.

Louisville, Ky.  
Jan. 15, 1903.

## Commissioners' Notice.

Office of Commissioner F. R.  
Hill, Marlinton, W. Va., De-  
cember 19, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that pur-  
suant to a decree of the circuit  
court of Pocahontas county, West  
Virginia entered on the 10th day  
of October 1902, in the chancery  
cause therein pending in which J.  
R. Gum's Assignee is plaintiff  
and J. M. Mooman is defendant,  
the undersigned commissioner will  
on

FEBRUARY 2, 1903,

at the law office of T. S. McNeel  
in the town of Marlinton, in said  
Pocahontas county, proceed to  
take state and report to court, the  
following matters of account, to-  
wit:

1st. A statement settling the ac-  
counts of the firm of Mooman &  
Gum.

2nd. The debts owed by the  
said firm with their respective  
amounts and priorities.

3rd. The debts by the individ-  
ual members of said firm, their  
amounts and priorities.

4th. To what debts the fund in  
this cause is applicable.

5th. Any other matter to be  
specially stated deemed pertinent  
by the commissioner or required  
by any party in interest.

At which time and place you  
may attend.

F. R. HILL,

Comm'r. in Chancery.

To the creditors of J. R. Gum of  
Mooman & Gum, and J. M.  
Mooman:

Notice is hereby given to you  
and each of you to present your  
claims against the said parties to  
me for adjudication at the time  
and place mentioned in above  
notice, for adjudication. Given un-  
der my hand this 19th day of De-  
cember, 1902.

F. R. HILL,

Commissioner.

## Notice to Creditors.